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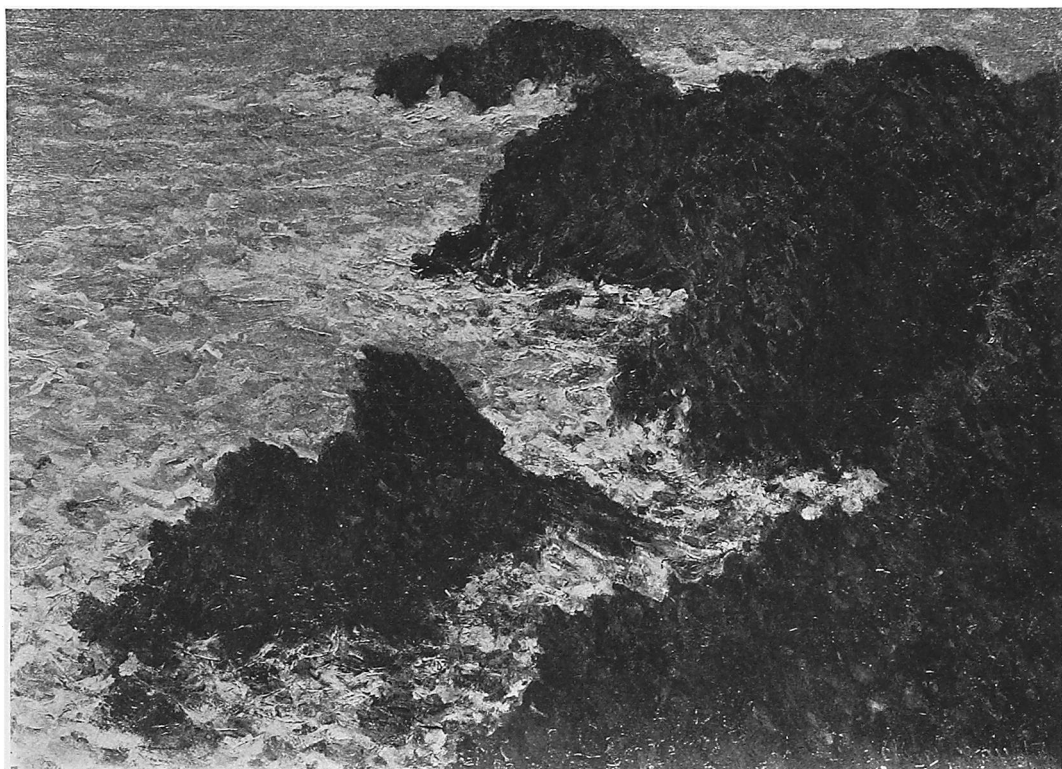
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Portrait de Mme. X (Portrait of Madame X)
By Pierre-Auguste Renoir

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris



LES ROCHERS DE BELLE-ISLE (THE ROCKS OF BELLE ISLAND) Legacy of Gustave Caillebotte
By Claude Monet —Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris

The Master Impressionists

[Chapter VII]

By CHARLES LOUIS BORGMAYER

IN last month's talk I digressed from the pictures actually hanging in the Luxembourg to a general lecture on Guillaumin, and now it is time to get back to "work." We can call the time we have wasted the hour we would ordinarily pass at Foyot's, eating our luncheon among the senators, or a longing for companionship might lead us to go further afield, perhaps way up toward Montparnasse, where, if we have luck, we might join Gèdneý Bunce with his bodyguard of *jeunes*, or Morrice or Alexander Harrison, or Troubetzkoy, if they were not lunching at the Ritz with one of their thousand and one friends. That

is the beauty of many of these men who have "arrived" in every sense of the word; they stay young enough to enjoy a *plat* whether served with all the trimmings of the Ritz or with the simple good fellowship of the little restaurant. Eating in Paris is a whole chapter in itself and it is as difficult to hurry over the ceremony as it seems for me to get started anew on the Impressionist pictures hanging in the Luxembourg.

Renoir's *Moulin de la Galette* has surely attracted your attention before this, but it is worth while waiting for. Here is a living example of what Renoir did when he applied to figure-painting the methods that



LA GARE SAINT-LAZARE
By Claude Monet

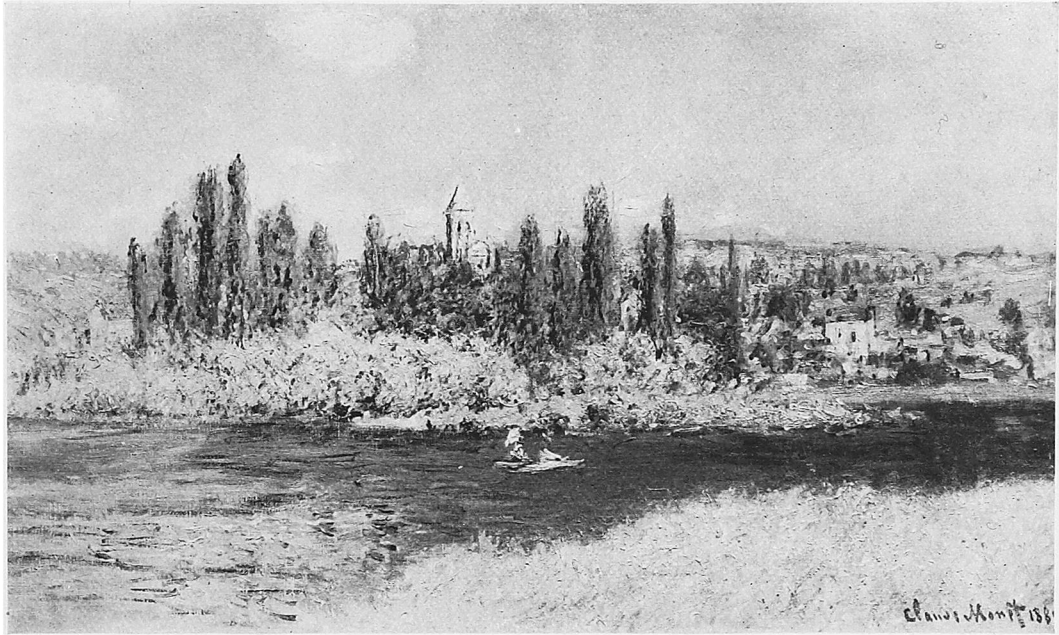
(THE RAILROAD DEPOT SAINT-LAZARE)
Legacy of Gustave Caillebotte
—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris

the Impressionists applied to landscape. Here you can see for yourself how in doing this he added emotion.

Le Moulin de la Galette is a picture of one of the *bals* which still take place up on the heights of Butte Montmartre overlooking Paris. These *bals* form a link between the middle seventies and today. Renoir felt only the gaiety of this Sunday afternoon. His interest was in the seductive movement of the people, in the mobility of lights and shades, in the crowd carried away by the rhythm of the dance, and in the vibrating and hot atmosphere. He saw everything in the dazzle of a warm and humid day which gave a palpitating flame to all his contours. Like Degas he attempted to get the instantaneous, but with a more tender vision. His people are dancing in surprisingly diverse poses, and this gives a certain reality to the illusion. He almost

went to conventional methods in order to express this view. Over the figures under the sunlit trees, with light falling upon their hair and laughing faces, falls a general violet tone, a color he used for the pure joy of using. The blue-violet of the woman's dress is one of his favorite colors. The little, svelt person in a striped dress sitting on the bench in the foreground, is a most forcible example of the separation of colors (red and blue). Separate her from all the rest and she grows and grows in beauty. She breathes with life and gets perilously near suggesting her frolicsome, nervous charm, which goes badly with the Impressionist theory.

In *La Balançoire* (1876) there is the same feeling of gaiety, happiness, pleasure and joy, but there is not the same feeling of quick movement. One is a dance where all is quick repartee, quick movement; the



VETHEUIL
By Claude Monet



L'EGLISE DE VETHEUIL
By Claude Monet

Legacy of Gustave Caillebotte

(THE CHURCH AT VETHEUIL)
—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris



JEUNES FILLES AU PIANO
By Pierre-Auguste Renoir

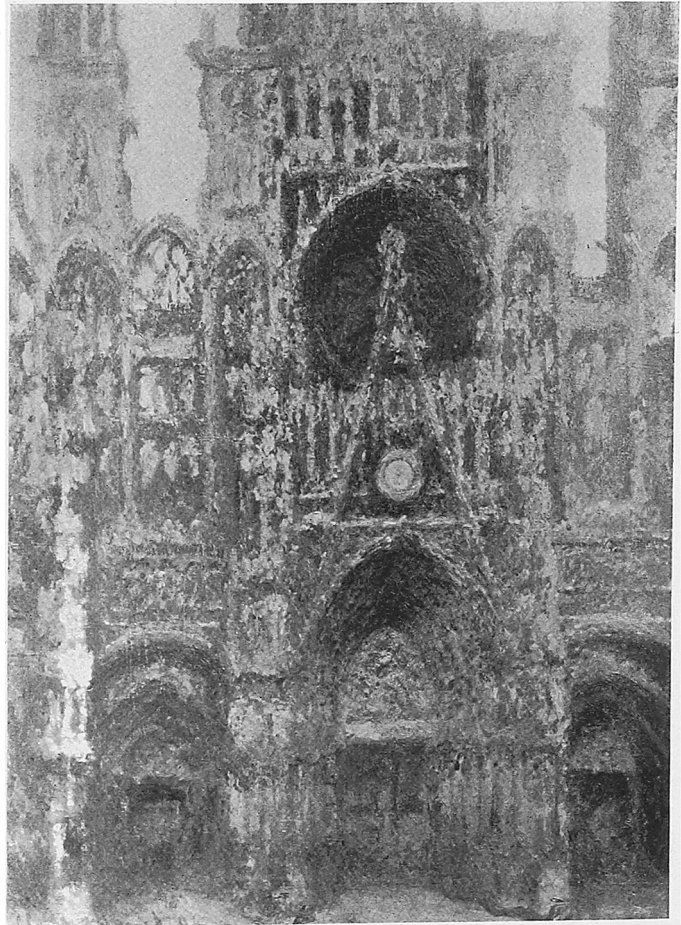
(YOUNG GIRLS PLAYING THE PIANO)
—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris

other is a family group standing under the foliage in a park. The light goes through the trees and dapples them with splashes making the picture just as gay as the *Bal* but with as much difference in the gaiety as there would naturally be between the gaiety of a *bal* in Montmartre and a family picnic in the Bois. The *Balancoire* is a beautiful symphony in blue. Look at it quickly from a distance, with a glance, a blink, and see how it resolves itself into blue and white. Big blue and white spots of drapery. See how the woman's dress casts blue shadows on the green foliage.

We usually associate picnics with spring, but Renoir has not chosen a spring day. The greens have not the flush of the tender greens of that season, for the trees are not sappy enough. It is a summer day and the summer day is in reality his subject.

His problem, if he thought of it as such, was not to paint the local color of the objects, but their color as acted upon by the light. In other words, it is a problem of values, for these varying quantities of light reflected from the various planes of the objects are nothing more or less than values. Take the white tablecloth, beloved by all the Impressionists; white as its local color, but it varies in degrees of whiteness according to the quantity of light reflected from its different parts.

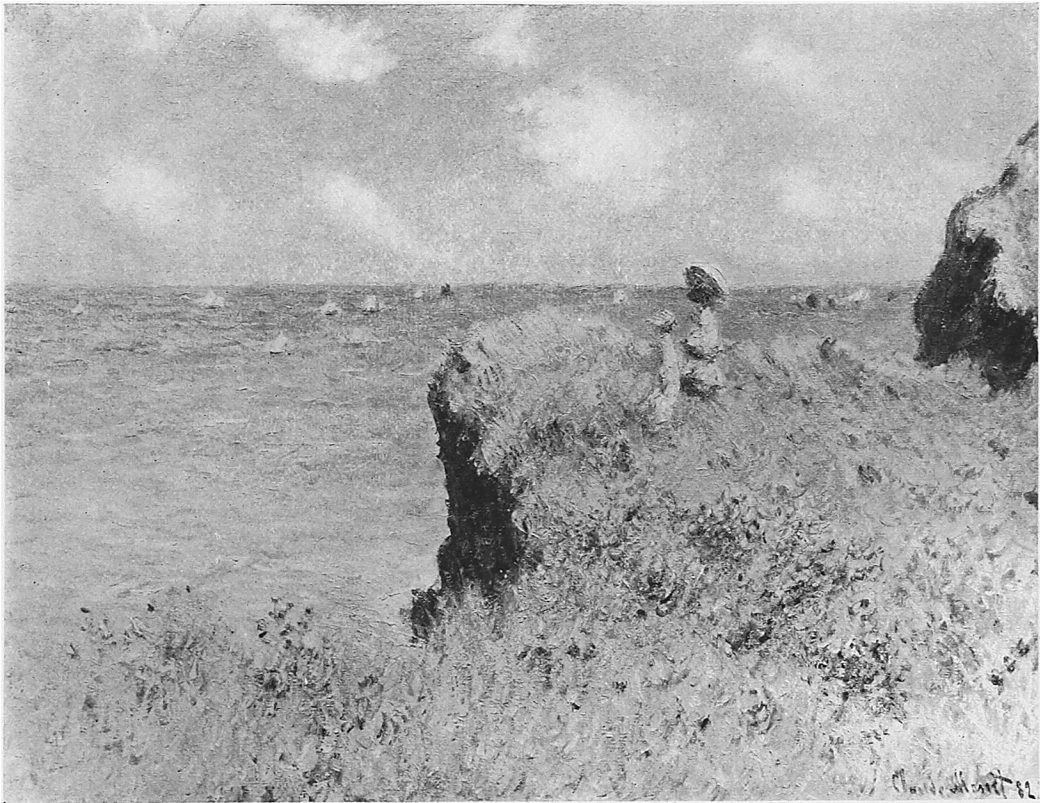
Renoir's *Au Piano* (1892) (a picture not belonging to the Caillebotte Bequest) has the same subject, light giving the importance, not life. A hanging or tapestry is given the value of a personage. Time has



LA CATHÉDRALE À ROUEN (THE CATHEDRAL AT ROUEN)
By Claude Monet —Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris

undoubtedly hurt this picture, as all the suppleness, the life, seems to have dried out of it and left only the material reality. The colors pass, without resistance, one into the other. Those in the wood of the piano and table are lifeless; the curtain hangs an inert mass and weighs down the picture.

This *Au Piano* is an example of Renoir's habit of painting the same subject several times, because of some detail he saw that he thought he might improve upon. At a first glance one might imagine them duplicates, but on closer study there appears a subtle difference. This I believe was his



PROMENADE SUR LA FALAISE, 1882
By Claude Monet

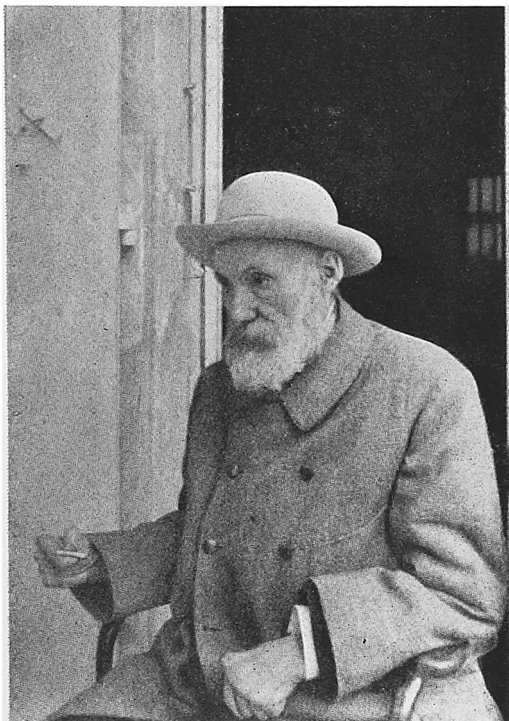
(WALK ON THE CLIFFS, 1882)

second attempt at painting *Au Piano*. There is also a third.

In a way this was following in the footsteps of the old masters, who often made replicas of their work, thinking nothing of the "criminality," as many would now call it, of repeating the same thing several times. The fact is that in passing to another subject an artist sometimes changes less than in repeating or improving on the old subject.

Renoir's *Young Girls at the Piano* are, judging from the drapery, furniture and general taste of the room they are in, the daughters of moderately well-to-do people. There is no blatant vulgarity in the colors; the reds, blues and greens are not the reds, blues and greens of wealth, and so there is neither luxury, nor lusciousness in the work.

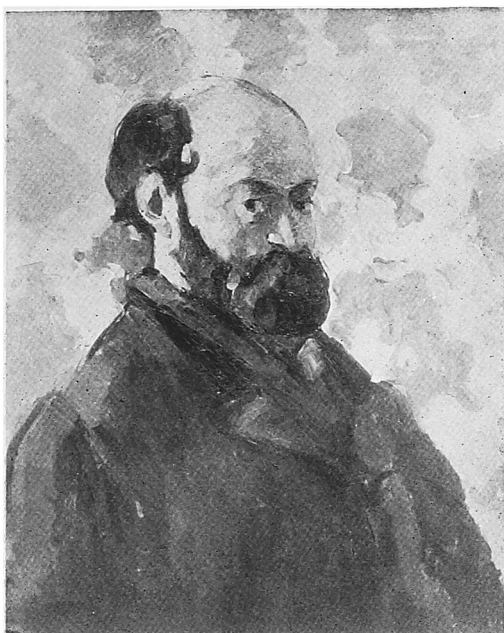
The Portrait of Madam X has another feeling. It is a sort of musical tone of emotion. The blacks, the green-blacks, are of a higher taste of selection. It is interesting to compare these blacks with the blacks Carolus-Duran used in his *Lady with the Gloves*, and while you are looking at the lady, see how strongly Manet's influence is shown. As I started to say, *Madam X* is in an entirely different *milieu* from that of the little girls at the piano. Her setting is rich, but in good taste. She herself is distinguished, full of charm. She is no slender sylph, but at the point where it behooves her to take care if she wishes to be *à la mode* in the good year of 1913. But, heavy as she is, there is not the slightest suggestion of commonness or vulgarity in this portrait of the wife of a music publisher. There is a delightful piece of color-



PIERRE-AUGUSTE RENOIR
From photograph in 1911



BERTHE MORISOT
Self-portrait

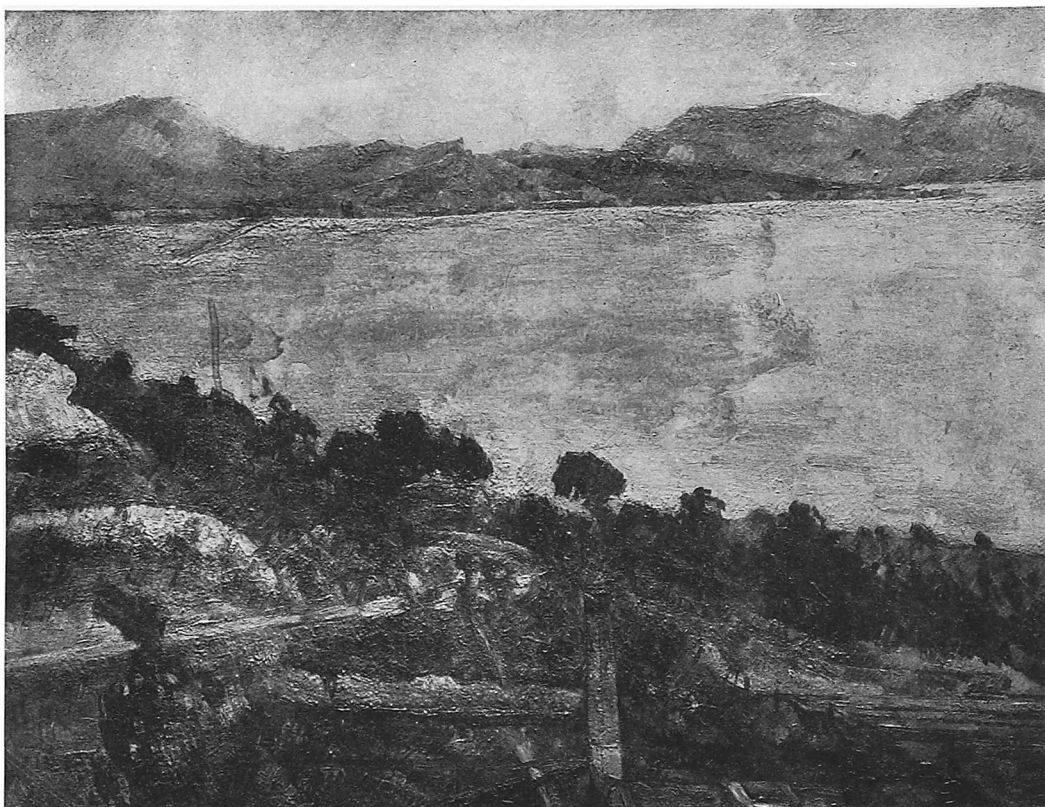


SELF-PORTRAIT
By Paul Cézanne

—Collection Pellerin



CLAUDE MONET
From photograph



L'ESTAQUE
By Paul Cézanne

Legacy of Gustave Caillebotte
—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris

ing in the bit of still-life formed by the music books on the piano. This picture was not one of the Caillebotte collection, but bequeathed to the Luxembourg by M. Martmann and was only accepted after many objections.

Torse de jeune femme is a most satisfying expression of out-of-doors, probably the best in the room. The technical part is poor; the brushwork has neither beginning nor end. Any child could have painted it as far as the technique goes, but there is no child living who could have seen this as Renoir saw it, and so here is a painting that should be judged by vision and not by hand. At a glance you see the entire work as a vision. You grasp it at once; it is infinitely more sudden than if painted in the methods of any of the older schools. Connectedly it passes on before you as a

vision of light, and it is as a vision of light that this work takes hold of you.

Renoir's *Liseuse* is a small picture of a young girl industriously reading a book. It was one of the original Caillebotte bequest.

Le pont de chemin de fer à Chatou (1881) is much more of a picture of spring, with the horsechestnut trees in bloom, than of a railroad bridge. The whole scene sings of spring and youth, sap and strength. The sky line is blue and white. The air, the trees, all moisture-laden, show a day quite different from the bright day of his green and blue *Bord de la Seine à Champrosay*.

These eight pictures by Renoir at the Luxembourg are important. Among them two are of the utmost importance—*Moulin de la Galette* and *Balançoire*, for they are two of his best and most characteristic

works. They are also two of the original pictures that brought public abuse down upon the heads of the Impressionists at their exhibition of 1877. The general violet shade of the figures, dappled with splashes of light, and the ground underneath the trees—in other words, the colored shadows—are here in full measure and show us plainly what the public shied at.

Mary Cassatt has one of her pastel Mother-and-Child pictures. We are all familiar with them and like them, for they picture something we know. They are almost story pictures in this, but far removed from the "illustrated dictionaries" as someone has called the class that Alma-Tadema's historically correct pictures belong to. Mary Cassatt and Berthe Morisot are the only women painters now

included among the Impressionists hanging in the Luxembourg, an honor that means much. By what particular road Mary Cassatt's *Mother and Child* traveled to reach this height I do not know, but Berthe Morisot's story is an oft told one.

Berthe Morisot held, as Madame Eugène Manet, a position of some importance in Parisian society. This position undoubtedly gave her delightful friends, but it was against her when she wished to be taken seriously as an artist and not as a *dilettante*. It was through the poet Stéphane Mallarmé that *La jeune femme au bal* was admitted to the Luxembourg not long after the admission of the Caillebotte collection, which, by the way, had no works by her. In 1894 Duret was to have a sale of his pictures and Mallarmé, who literally wor-

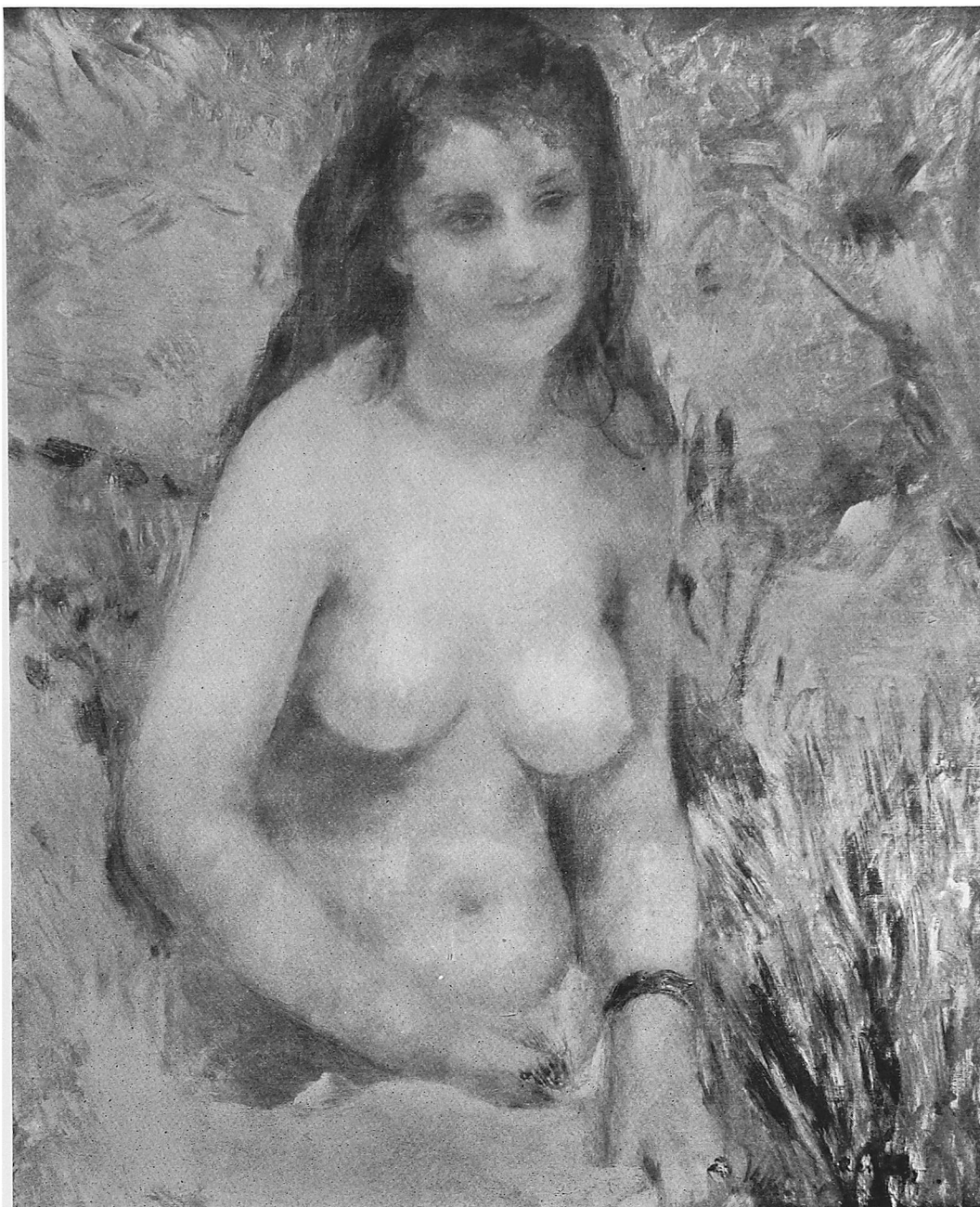


AUVERS; LA VALLÉE
By Paul Cézanne

(AUVERS; THE VALLEY)
—Collection Vollard



*DANSEUSE SUR LA SCENE (Pastel) (DANCER ON THE STAGE) Legacy of Gustave Caillebotte
By Edgar Degas —Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris*



TORSE DE JEUNE FEMME AU SOLEIL

(BODY OF YOUNG WOMAN IN THE SUN)

By Pierre-Auguste Renoir

Legacy of Gustave Caillebotte

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris

shipped Berthe Morisot, thought it a good opportunity for the Government to secure representative canvas by her. He chose the *Jeune femme au bal* as one of her best works and invited the officials to see the

picture. It was easy to invite, but to get them to accept was another thing, and it was only through his personal friendships that he finally accomplished it. As soon as the picture had a chance it spoke for itself.



LES FIGURANTS (Pastel)
By Edgar Degas

Legacy of Gustave Caillebotte

(THE FIGURANTS)

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris

It was purchased by the State and placed in the Luxembourg and hung among the works of the other Master Impressionists, removing Berthe Morisot, once and for all, from the ranks of the amateurs. She has two pictures in the Moreau-Nélaton collection that will enter the Louvre later. The young woman in the Luxembourg picture is full of charm and distinction as she stands in her evening gown with all outlines softened by the envelope of out-of-door air that surrounds her. Seldom will you see a work more feminine in its delicacy without affectation or dryness.

Long before this I am sure that you have been casting glances at some of Claude

Monet's pictures. They are not as full of strength, force and vitality as some of the works of the other men. You may even feel that he himself is somewhat lacking in individual character, but that is a mistake. There is no lack of force of character in Claude Monet. He fought his own battles and then took a hand in Manet's when Manet was gone. He stood by Zola when the country was aroused to fury by his defense of Dreyfus, and he refused the Decoration of the Legion of Honor when it was offered him, remembering too well the insults heaped upon him in the past.

There is a certain feeling of likeness in five or six of these pictures by Claude



FEMME AU BAIN (Pastel) (WOMAN AT HER BATH)
By Edgar Degas

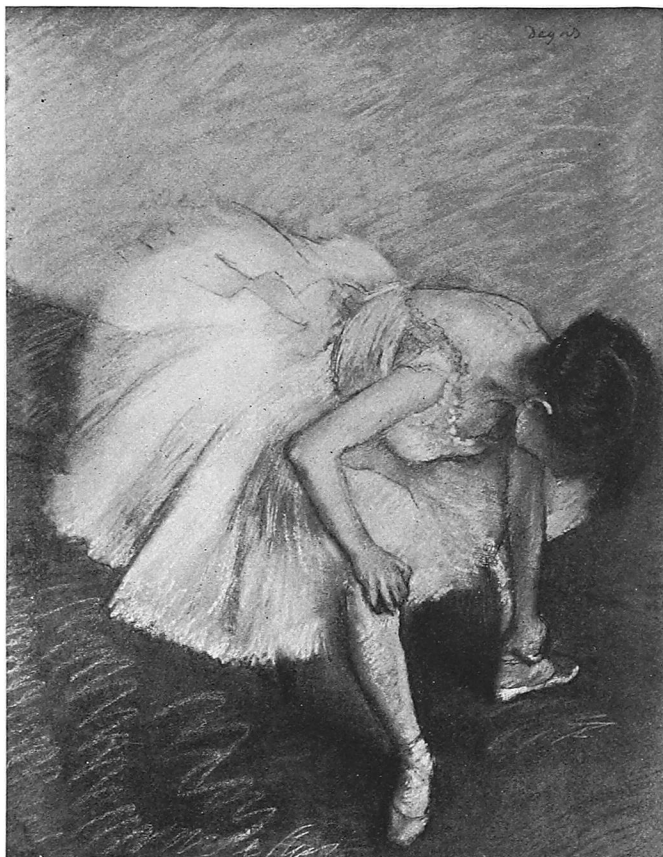
Legacy of Gustave Caillebotte
—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris



UN CAFÉ BOULEVARD MONTMARTE (Pastel) (A CAFÉ ON THE BOULEVARD MONTMARTE)
By Edgar Degas

Legacy of Gustave Caillebotte

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris



DANSEUSE NOUANT SON BRODEQUIN (Pastel)
By Edgar Degas (DANCER TYING HER SLIPPER)
Legacy of Gustave Caillebotte —Courtesy Luxembourg, Paris

Monet; at any rate, more so than in the eight by Renoir. His interest has been centered in the material aspects of nature, air, mist, haze, fog, veils and vapors; dust, wind, rain, snow, sunshine, light; the earth itself and the waters of the earth. He is opposed to the academic outline and was among the first to feel that line and color were dependent on light, so he places lines as far as possible where nature places them. This arrangement of line was new to French painting, and opened a vast field for imitators.

Claude Monet does not often indulge in the feeling of the life that lives out of sight in his pictures, but *Le déjeuner* has this feeling markedly. One wonders who owns the hat, where she is; in other words,

the picture arouses our imagination. There is a peculiar feeling of blue running across the lower strata of the picture. These stratas are not put in by the artist so that we can see them, but are merely suggested; if we were called upon to prove them, we would have some difficulty. The house is red, and red flowers run horizontally in and through the middle of the picture.

Les régates à Argenteuil is not the best of a number of similar pictures that he has painted of the same subject. The air feels stationary; it is not vibrant enough; it is dead. In his *Gare Saint Lazare*, we have no complaint to make of deadness of air, nor to hunt for the station flaming with un-enveloped smoke. It is truly the thick atmosphere around a railroad station. He has taken a moment when a locomotive has just rushed under the glass dome of the station. The smoke from the

engine rises blue in the enclosed foreground and drifts away pink in the open sunlight beyond.

Compare this smoke-filled air with three of Renoir's pictures, the *Moulin de la Galette*, the *Seine à Champrosay*, and the *Pont du Chemin de fer à Chatou*. All three out-of-door pictures, but where smoke and dust do not penetrate and in consequence the air is thinner and so appears clearer.

The oil has gone wrong in his *Les Tuileries*, which probably accounts for its deadness.

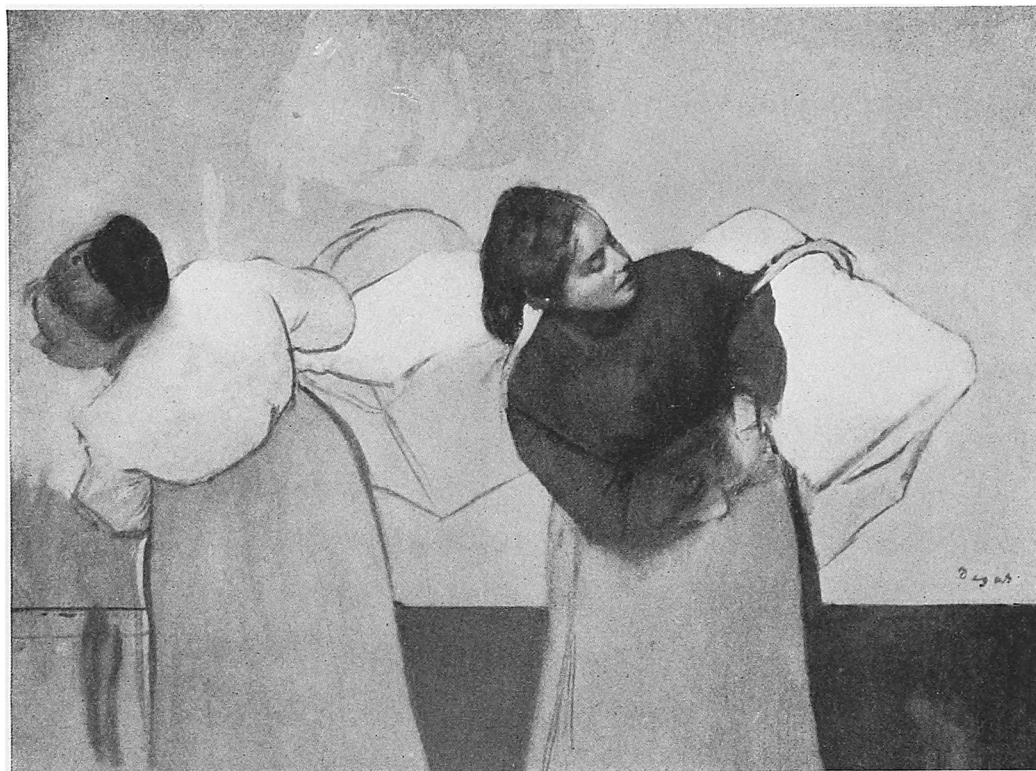
In *Le Givre* Claude Monet chose a pink morning light that fits in admirably with the scene. The sun is still low, and as it rises it penetrates a vaporous haze. It is



BEFORE THE START
By Edgar Degas

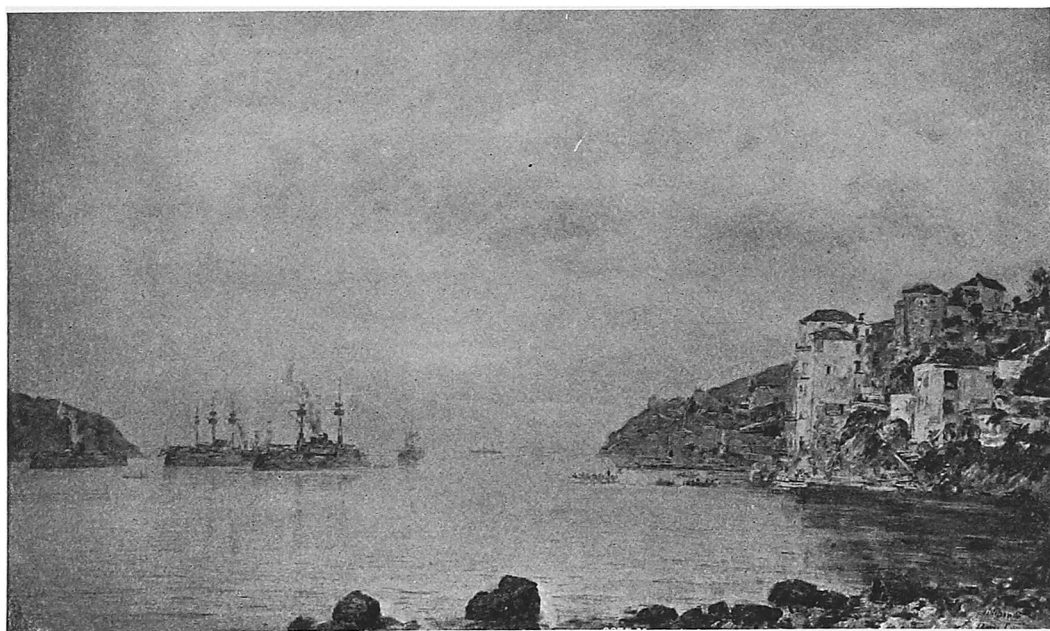


AT THE RACE COURSE; THE START
By Edgar Degas



WASHERWOMAN
By Edgar Degas

—Collection Sir William Eden



LA RADE DE VILLEFRANCHE
By Eugène Boudin

(THE ROADSTEAD OF VILLEFRANCHE)
—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris

an expression of nature with the cold brilliancy of the sun on the whiteness of a radiant day in winter. The emotional side of this picture is that of frost, cold and thawing ice. The emotion tone feels icy, almost as if you were looking at the scene through ice. A bright blue, a (dark) gray, a dramatic or stormy sky would have altered the entire feeling of this picture.

In his *Rouen Cathédrale* this emotional side is of old age, while in the *Railroad Station* it is of smoke, steam and movement. This last is easy to see, but the suggestion of old age in the cathedral is more subtle. He suggests it in his sky, a yellowish sky that goes well with age. This sky makes the stones of the cathedral look older. Had he used a clean, bright, blue sky it would have taken from the age of the scene.

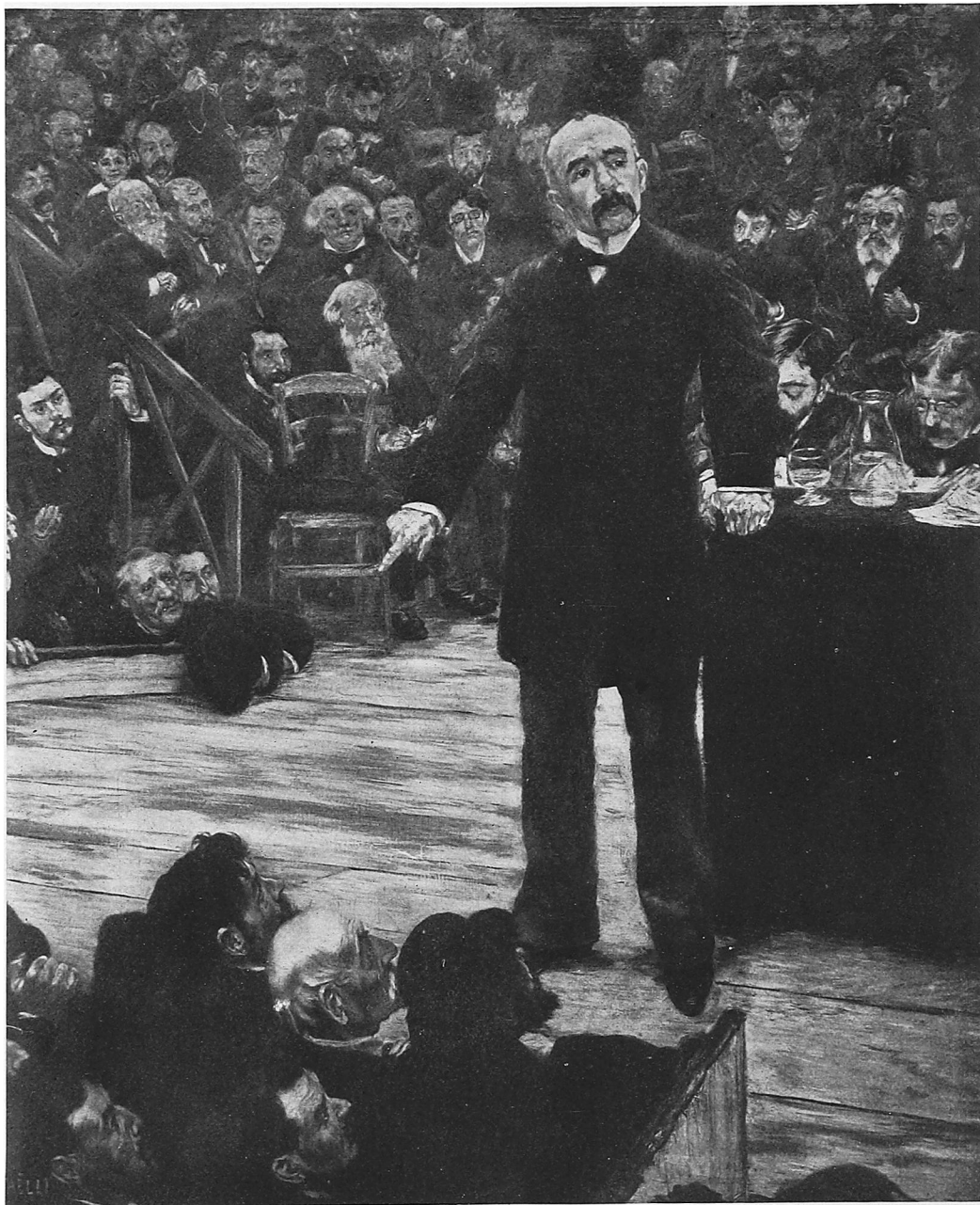
Claude Monet uses his skies principally to intensify his local subjects. The Cathedral is a good example of this; the yellowish sky and the old, long-exposed stones of the cathedral are in character, and the whole suggests age. It has a dramatic quality, too. It fills the whole frame and runs out of it, with a big feeling that makes it striking. This picture of the façade of the *Rouen Cathédrale* is one of many that Claude Monet painted of the same subject—twenty-five of them, I think. He commenced to systematically paint pictures in series with one called *Meules* (Haystacks) and followed it by this series of the *Rouen Cathédrale*. One would think this an easy way to paint, choose a subject and keep working at it until it is worn out. That



LE REPOS, PORTRAIT DE BERTHE MORISOT
(REPOSE, PORTRAIT OF BERTHE MORISOT)
By Edouard Manet —Collection G. W. Vanderbilt

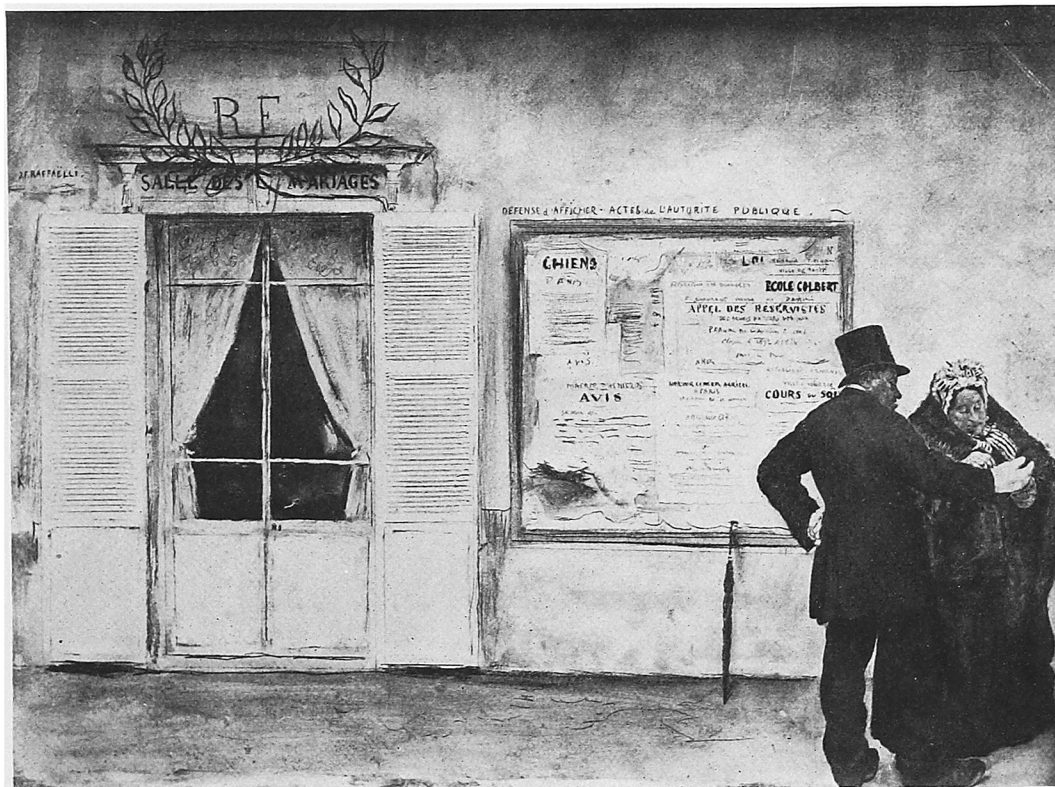
would be true were one to paint the actual thing, but to paint as Claude Monet does, "the fugitive motive disengaged from the unchanging groundwork," is another thing. It takes a wonderfully clear perception of things and rapid execution, for these effects tarry for no man and overlap one the other most maddeningly. It is said to have taken him over three years to paint this series and to have left him exhausted. The discomfort of sitting in a curiosity shop window opposite the cathedral all those days while he painted, also deserves some recognition.

I have tried the experiment of taking an object, as Claude Monet does, and looking at it with the idea of seeing the luminous



LA RÉUNION PUBLIC
By J. F. Raffaëlli

(THE PUBLIC MEETING ADDRESSED BY CLÉMENCEAU)
—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris



LES INVITÉS ATTENDANT LA NOCE
By J. F. Raffaëlli

(THE GUESTS ATTENDING THE WEDDING)
—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris

atmosphere or envelop that colors it differently at different times of the day. The Metropolitan Tower in New York happened to be the biggest and most convenient object for me to study with this in mind. Its bigness I felt would exaggerate the vibrations to a point where my untrained eyes might see them. It did not need the exaggeration of the Tower; the luminous envelopes are easy to see, and that they vary from hour to hour and from day to day and from season to season is also easy to see.

Claude Monet gave expression to this feeling for light most freely in *Le Givre* and in the dazzling *Church at Vétheuil*, asleep under the sun of a winter's day.

In *Les rochers de Belle Isle*, the most forcible of his works at the Luxembourg, he used as his subject rocks and vast cliffs bathed by an ardent summer sea. This sea

is blue-green bordered by plum colored rocks; the sky is heavy, the yellow in it brings out the freshness and the rough ruggedness of the rocks and sea. I like this picture. It often happens that I feel the irritation that Moore felt when he wrote: "The merits in Claude Monet's pictures often strike you as having been obtained by excessive accomplishment in one-third of the handicraft and something like a formal protestation of the non-existence of the other two-thirds. In looking at scores of his pictures you will see hardly any change or alteration in his manner of seeing or executing, or any development soever in his art. At the end of the season he comes up from the country with thirty or forty landscapes, all equally perfect, all painted in precisely the same way, and no one shows the slightest sign of hesitation, and no one suggests the unattainable, the



LA ROCHE DE L'ECHO (CREUSE) À CROZANT
By Armand Guillaumin

(THE ECHO ROCK AT CROZANT)
—Courtesy Messrs. Dalpayrat Frères, Limoges

beyond; one and all reveal to us a man who is always sure of his effect, and who is always in a hurry. Any corner of nature will do equally well for his purpose; so long as a certain reverberation of color is obtained, all is well."

It is treading on delicate ground to criticise Claude Monet, for with most of the American public he can do no wrong. He has been well exploited by his backers and if rumors can be believed, he has made high prices imperative if they would save their bacon. A hesitation on their part to accept his season's output has led to the sudden increase in the value of the pictures in question, even up to the point of doubling the price demanded in the first place, and a further hesitation tripling it. This is the sort of gossip that circulates

around the *Haystack Series*. Perhaps it is his revenge for the years of poverty that he suffered when he was doing creative work.

I suppose if we had been truly polite we would have done Caillebotte the honor of looking at his two pictures first.

The large one, *Raboteurs de parquet*, would naturally attract our attention both by its size and position, but there is no dramatic quality in either that or in his *Toits sous neige* that forces one's attention; in fact, one might pass them by half a dozen times without seeing either of them. Some canvases possess this dramatic element which holds up one's attention even in a crowded gallery. Renoir's *Moulin de la Galette* has this quality. It is a picture of a dance hall of the people in full blast.

Every space is filled, everything and everybody is in motion, alive, doing things. Claude Monet's *Déjeuner* has it too, but here it is reached, not by crowds moving, but by the emptiness of the deserted table.

The *Moulin de la Galette*, which by the way has nothing in it at all, technically, and is as naïve as if it had been painted by a child with no trace of brush marks, no feeling of division but a fine and grand old mix-up, a perfect jumble of color, has notwithstanding all this, intense dramatic quality. *Les raboteurs de parquet* lacks the dramatic. Caillebotte has made his people all the same size. Had he brought his men forward and placed them in the foreground it might have helped. Cézanne's lack of idea of proportion in *Cour de Maisons à Auvers* causes him to lose the dramatic ele-

ment. His sky, house and ground are too much the same size. Ordinarily his works are massive and well balanced, but the Luxembourg is no place to study Cézanne. These two pictures mixed up with others, more startling, fail to weave about us the spell of poetic glamour that Cézanne can do at his best.

One thing that you can see in this little picture of *Cour de Maisons à Auvers* is Cézanne's purple, the neutral color that he introduced. This color under his touch is vital, forceful, brilliant, but not particularly charming. Charming is a word one would never apply to a picture by Cézanne; powerful, ugly, yes; but charming, no. Compare this picture with others in the room and its strength and ugliness shine forth. It even seems coarse when compared



LE PUY BARION (CROZANT)
By Armand Guillaumin

(THE MOUNTAIN BARION)
—Courtesy Messrs. Dalpayrat Frères, Limoges



LE PUY BARION (AUTOMNE) CROZANT
By Armand Guillaumin

(THE MOUNTAIN BARION)
—Courtesy Messrs. Dalpayrat Frères, Limoges

with many. It has not the "poor" look of Pissarro's *Chemin montant à travers champs*, nor the rich look of Renoir's *Horsechestnuts at Chatou*.

L'Estaque, the other Cézanne picture in the Caillebotte collection, seems not to have been quite finished, but Cézanne often left his canvases bare in spots and this may have been intentional, but it gives an effect of the sky having gone wrong. It separates into sections; it is too white and is out of tone. The sky in itself, the water, the mountains, and the garden in the foreground are all solid in value.

About the time these pictures were being painted Cézanne was called the "Ape of Manet," "Barbarian" and other pet names. No wonder that he retired within his shell and exiled himself at Aix in order

to work out in peace projects which would, he believed, revolutionize the technique of painting, and convince the world that painting was the "registration of one's colored sensations." Cézanne's portrait of himself fills one with pity for the "soul struggling for release, fatigued yet eager, the paint a means and not an end. The idea everything, the real man grown old searching for that which can never be wholly found."

Raffaëlli's *Vieux convalescents* represents a park in front of a hospital. The hospital, in *Louis XIV*, forms the background of the picture and cuts off the gray sky. In the foreground is a group of three convalescents seated or standing around a bench. An old man leaning on his cane walks down the tree-bordered path that leads to the principal entrance of the hos-

pital. The white bonnets of the two sisters of charity give a touch of light to the left-hand corner of the picture. Many feel this is one of Raffaëlli's best works. He means to express poverty and old age; the men are miserable enough to suggest both of these trying conditions, without adding as he has the depressed landscape. The trees without branches, the day, the land, are steeped in gloom; even the smoke from the chimney makes a vain effort to rise from its gloomy surroundings. It is what might be called a selection of effect. The figures, the landscape, the sky, are in gloomy harmony, in complete unity. The whole thing is in the color of poverty. That of dirty rags. Even his forms are ragged; no silks or satins or rich embroideries

could suggest the misery he has put into this picture.

The other examples by Raffaëlli in the room seem weak in comparison with *Les vieux convalescents*. *Notre Dame de Paris* is clearer, more luminous, apparently composed with pleasure. The figures seem almost as large as the church.

Les invités attendant la noce would make a fine illustration for Puck, Life or Judge. The poor people are most uncomfortably dressed up in their Sunday-best to attend the wedding. Mother is giving the final touch of style to father in buttoning his huge glove with a hairpin that she has worked out from under her elaborate cap. The umbrella is meant to be funny, but it is pathetic. The whole picture is like one



LE LAVOIR
By Camille Pissarro

(THE WASH HOUSE)
Legacy of Gustave Caillebotte



POTAGER; ARBRES EN FLEURS

By Camille Pissarro

(KITCHEN GARDEN; TREES IN BLOSSOM)

Legacy of Gustave Caillebotte

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris

of the ridiculously funny-pathetic things that brought laughter and tears to a Weber and Fields audience in the old days.

Réunion publique is a portrait of Clémenceau, who is spoken of as France's Roosevelt. The men in the background are portraits of many of the great men of France.

The other Raffaëlli pictures are easy to understand. Raffaëlli does not really belong to the Master Impressionists, but there is more reason for including him among them than for including Boudin and there are two Boudin's pictures hanging at present in the Luxembourg. Perhaps in an attempt to round out the show they chose him as one who was in a way a "Precursor" of Impressionism. Had they included Jongkind and Lépine, the idea would have been clearer. We hear one Italian opera after another and hardly know that they

have changed from one opera to another, but when they change from Wagner to Debussy or Strauss, one decidedly knows the difference. The Impressionists made some such change in art. But we will not cavil at the authorities for including pictures by Raffaëlli, Toulouse-Lautrec and Boudin among the Master Impressionists. If we did, we would miss seeing some very interesting pictures and the seven by Degas would need to be weeded out if they were consistent in keeping within the lines.

When writing of the *Treasures of the Luxembourg*, I was unable to get photographs of the works of the Canadian W. J. Morrice. I regretted this exceedingly because the few pictures I have seen by him appeal to me particularly.

Not enjoying being balked of my prey I made up my mind to beard the lion in his

den and see what I could do in person when letters had failed, so one day I found my way over to his studio, and was sent in unannounced. I felt an unwelcome guest, but became so fascinated, so enamoured by the few pictures hanging about, that I put my pride in my pocket and stayed without any encouragement whatever, like a n cheeky book agent. Had Mr. Morrice read my thoughts, he would have paid me to stay and form a "Society for the Admiration of the Works of W. J. Morrice."

Some of the subjects I saw are reproduced in the illustrations of this article and while he is not a Master Impressionist, he is a legitimate successor of theirs. Not that he decomposes his tones, or uses the "comma" of Claude Monet, or the superposed touches of Cézanne. He is too personal for that. He is one of the few who

know where to stop and still hold to the essentials. With the greatest simplicity possible he gives with astonishing truth the volume, the density and the mass of the objects. I think it was the simplicity of his pictures that appealed to me. There is nothing there to suggest episode or effect. He, in the most simple manner, artistically records the intimate beauty of the latent richness of the color of the scenes along the *Quais* of Paris; of bits of Normandy; street scenes of Montreal or the brighter, gayer scenes of northern Africa. Corot's saying, "Art is made up of sacrifices; it is done with nothing and everything is there," applies to the work of Morrice. Fustel de Coulanges said, "It is necessary to give ten years to analysis before devoting one hour to the synthesis" and as an example, added, "never had Tintoretto,



LA BROUETTE (THE WHEELBARROW)
By Camille Pissarro

Legacy of Gustave Caillebotte
—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris



TOITS SOUS LA NEIGE (ROOFS UNDER THE SNOW)
By Gustave Caillebotte

*Gift of the Caillebotte family
—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris*

Titian or Rembrandt more freedom than at the end of their careers. They permitted themselves these licenses only at the canonical age." This might be a hint to the many young painters who unlike Morrice commence with the synthesis and think they have genius at the age they ought to have simply talent and application.

We have looked at all the pictures in the room, except those by Degas. They stand apart in many ways. One hardly notices them because of their quietness and possibly too because of their smallness, but when one gets to them they have much to say. The original seven of the Caillebotte Collection are still to be studied in their original places, so far as I can remember. It is difficult to see pictures by Degas. He never exhibits at the Salons and rarely at other exhibitions, and it would take a brave man

to visit him at his home uninvited. He says that strong respect for his art disinclines him to expose to the general and unintelligent gaze, works which demand a highly developed artistic education to appreciate. The Luxembourg is as good a place as I know of to study Degas' work. A little later when the Camondo Collection is installed at the Louvre there will be an additional number of his canvases to study. These at the Luxembourg are small pictures wherein all his genius of observation is not shown. They are, as someone has said, "Life as seen through a keyhole." They are examples of the subjects he has made his own; ballet-dancers, singers, bathers, etc. To succeed in holding the attention with such subjects proves, without doubt, that the intellectual interest in a work of art does not rest less strongly in

the interpretation of the artist than in the subject itself. Certainly there are beautiful subjects, poetical, philosophical or historical, which have enriched humanity, but Degas has taken subjects that up to his time had been reputed as vulgar or undignified and through his intelligence and sensibility has made them into works of beauty. Naturally those who look for beauty in a picture to remind them of beautiful things, or who look for a bit of sentiment will find Degas hideous. He was not trying to express the beauty of line of his model, but movement.

Everyone has taken a hand at writing about Degas since he won the distinction of having a picture of his sold for the highest price ever paid while the artist was still living. That reminds me, after the *Rouart Sale*, Degas went to see the picture that

brought the wonderful price, let his fingers pass over it lightly, his way of seeing things nowadays, and in his terse way said, "Yes, yes, he who painted this was no fool, but he who paid that price, was a big one."

But to go back to what has been said of Degas. Some of the high sounding phrases I will note down and with their aid and with patience to look, any one can see the unique excellence of Degas' art.

"Pastellist of first rank."

"A master in technique."

"Chief excellence is in design."

"Figures almost classic in their sharp truth and sober distinction."

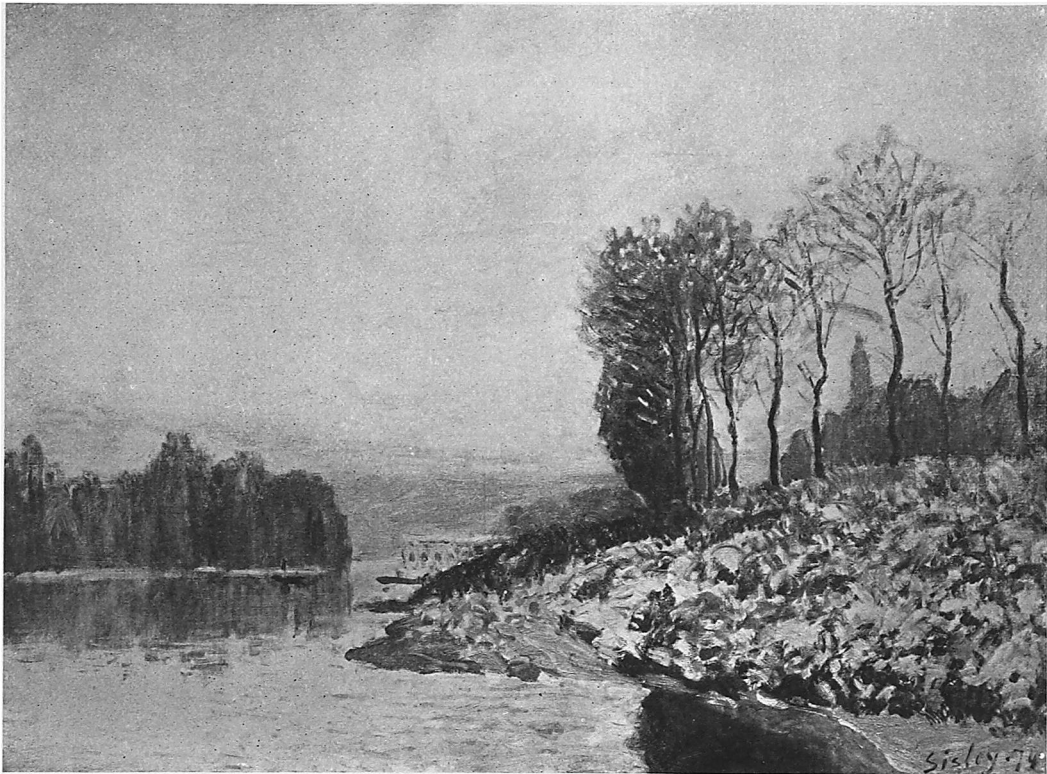
"Vibrant force of design."

"Sinuous line to express life."

"Marvelous delineation of true movement, emotion and attitudes."

"Living rhythm of a gesture, superb in its strength and suppleness."

"Synthesis in attitude."



BORDS DE LA SEINE (SHORES OF THE RIVER SEINE)
By Alfred Sisley

Legacy of Gustave Caillebotte
—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris



LE CANAL DU LOING
By Alfred Sisley

(THE LOING CANAL)
—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris

"Complex play of light on the bodies," etc., etc.

"The observation of Degas is that of an Impressionist. He sees like Monet, but he does not penetrate; his sight is extraordinarily acute; he catches the thing on the wing as it passes and he repeats it. There is a do not move feeling in his manner; he arrests the movement in the effort to express an instant of life. He has the taste for the accidental gesture where it is significant, an indicator of a moment of life, a professional gesture in that it expresses a habit."

These criticisms, culled from many sources, make interesting reading when standing before the actual pictures and about all that can be added to them is to call attention to the refinement of his color. His vulgar, brutal people and their refined clothes make a combination or refined vul-

garity that in him is a virtue, but one that has engendered many vices among his imitators.

Degas has not the color range of either Manet or Claude Monet. His color ranges through quiet gray harmonies. The scheme usually is gray and black with here and there a color note, that is a veritable touch of genius. The small bit of red slipper belonging to the poor, worn-out, homely woman bathing is one of these touches. It makes the whole picture big. A bit of red used dexterously in the *Café boulevard Montmartre* raises that picture from a mere picture of two vulgar women seated in front of a café to something bigger than the subject.

Les figurants or "supers" are a number of grotesque figures seen at the back of the stage, dressed in reds and yellows. A painter said about Degas' *Danseuse nouant*

son brodequin, "That perspective of the shoulder blades with the varying planes has not been equaled since Michael Angelo."

Probably the greatest favorite among the Degas pictures at the Luxembourg is *La danseuse*, although it is not generally conceded to be the best one there. This pink-gray dancer as she whirls fluffily toward us, has a momentary beauty that comes near to making the picture beautiful in the usual sense of the word. The dirty, obscure background makes the dancer by contrast dainty, delicate and sweet in color. Her leg, her arm and her silhouette radiate through the whole scene. There is a unique charm about this picture, with a curious touch of irony, that it is difficult to put one's finger on, unless it be in the

man looking on in a callous way in the background.

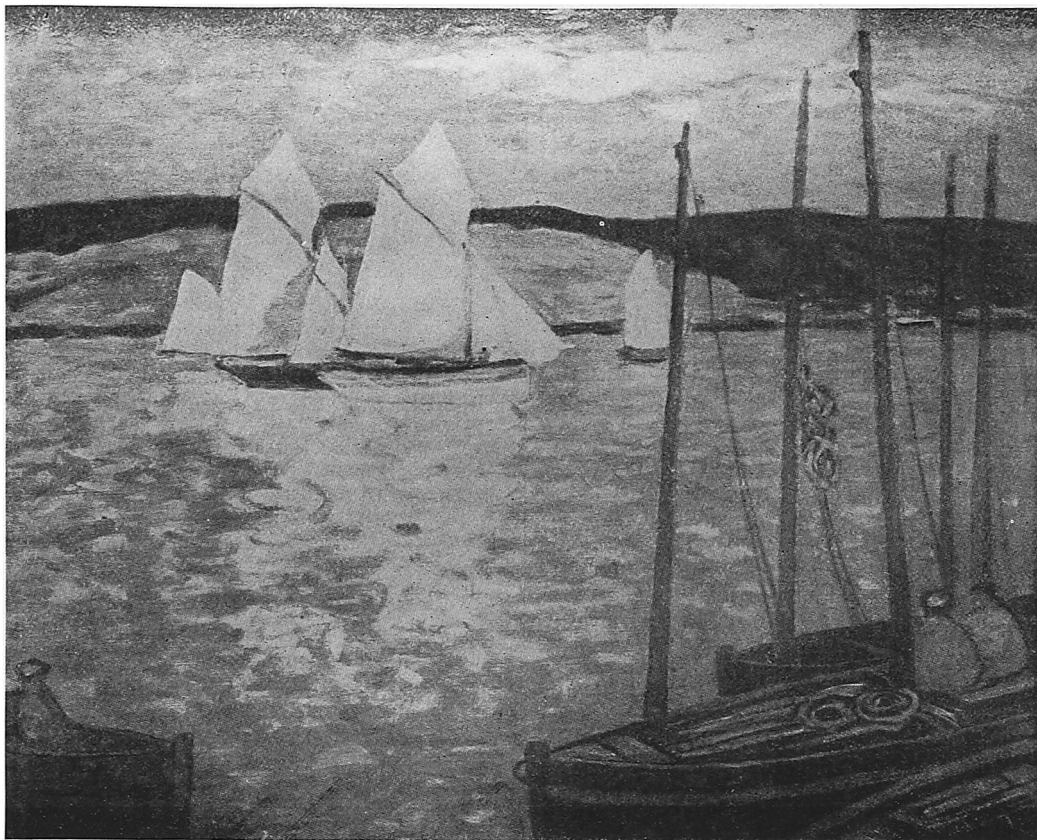
There is always some undercurrent of irony in Degas' pictures. There is also an extraordinary acute criticism of life. He is an intense realist, almost a caricaturist. His nudes are marvels of truth; he paints the common woman off her guard in the privacy of her room, a slovenly, distorted creature, yet there is, in his *Bathers* for example, something essentially, pathetically feminine, as they stand in a helpless manner with bent knee to support the body. The doubtful hand which catches the chair, the raised foot, the inefficient arm and hand with the sponge—all cry aloud their femininity.

These women who bathe themselves, who dry themselves, who do all the other



THE BEACH AT DIEPPE
By James Wilson Morrice

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris



COTE D'EMERAUDE
By James Wilson Morrice

(THE EMERALD SHORE)

things before our eyes that belong to the privacy of their own rooms, were doubtless suggested to Degas as subjects by the Japanese, possibly, by Outamaro and Kiyonaga, who painted many women at their toilet.

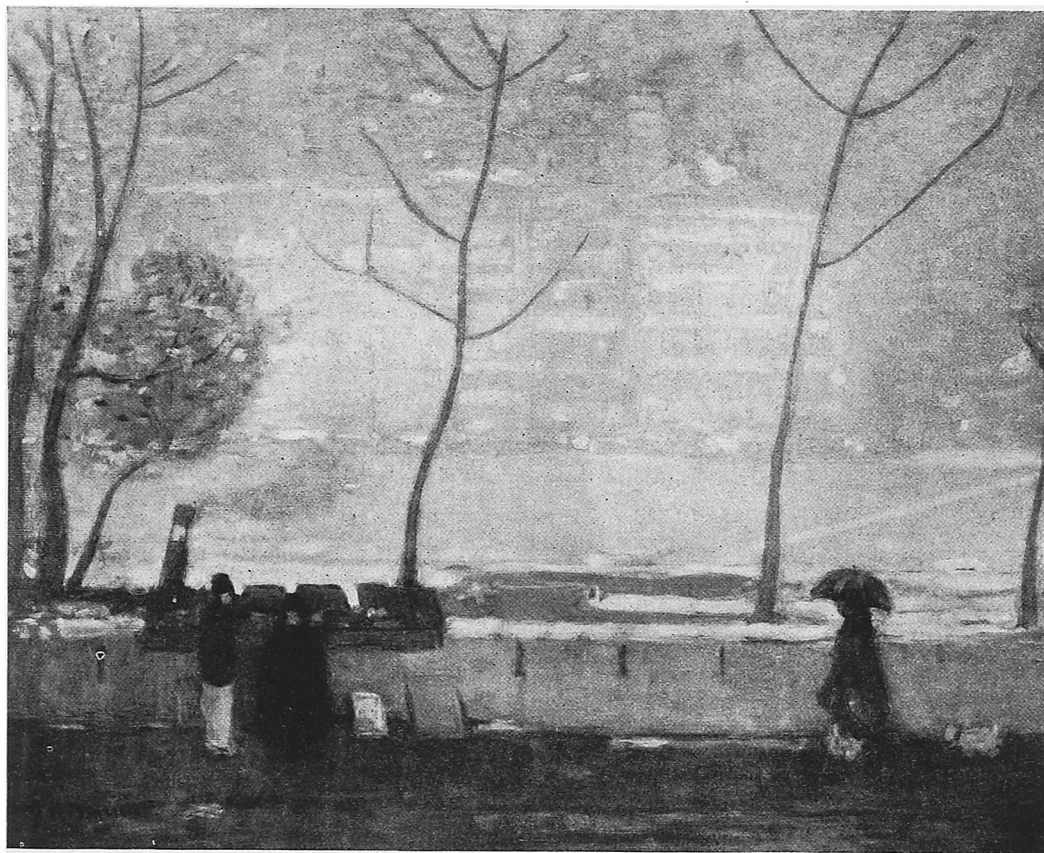
The feeling with most of us, is that the Impressionists painted their pictures freely, easily, for that is the effect they have on the mind, but Claude Monet, Pissarro, Renoir and Degas all worked day after day over a picture. Degas himself says his work is not spontaneous; that he labors over it, worries over it and tries again and again. It looks spontaneous enough, but in art, I fancy nothing very fine is done easily. The final result may be so done, but countless studies and efforts must have led to this result.

In the days when crowds would gather in front of Goupil's show windows, which, thirty years ago were on Boulevard Montmartre, and make merry with loud laughter over the works of Sisley, Pissarro, Claude Monet, Degas and others, the popular view was, that these artists should go back to school and take drawing lessons. The great joke was that they could draw. Degas had been a *Prix de Rome* pupil at the French Academy in Rome and particularly noted among the pupils for his drawing. Moore speaks of some of his early work as "marvelous work" and says that the world never saw such work and will never see it again. Moore is always extreme in his opinions, but always interesting and with a kernel of truth hidden in his exaggerated views. He tells the youth-

ful aspirant for honors this: "For those who are thinking of adopting art as a profession, it is sufficient to know that the one irreparable evil is a bad primary education. Be sure that after five years of the *Beaux Arts* you cannot become a great painter."

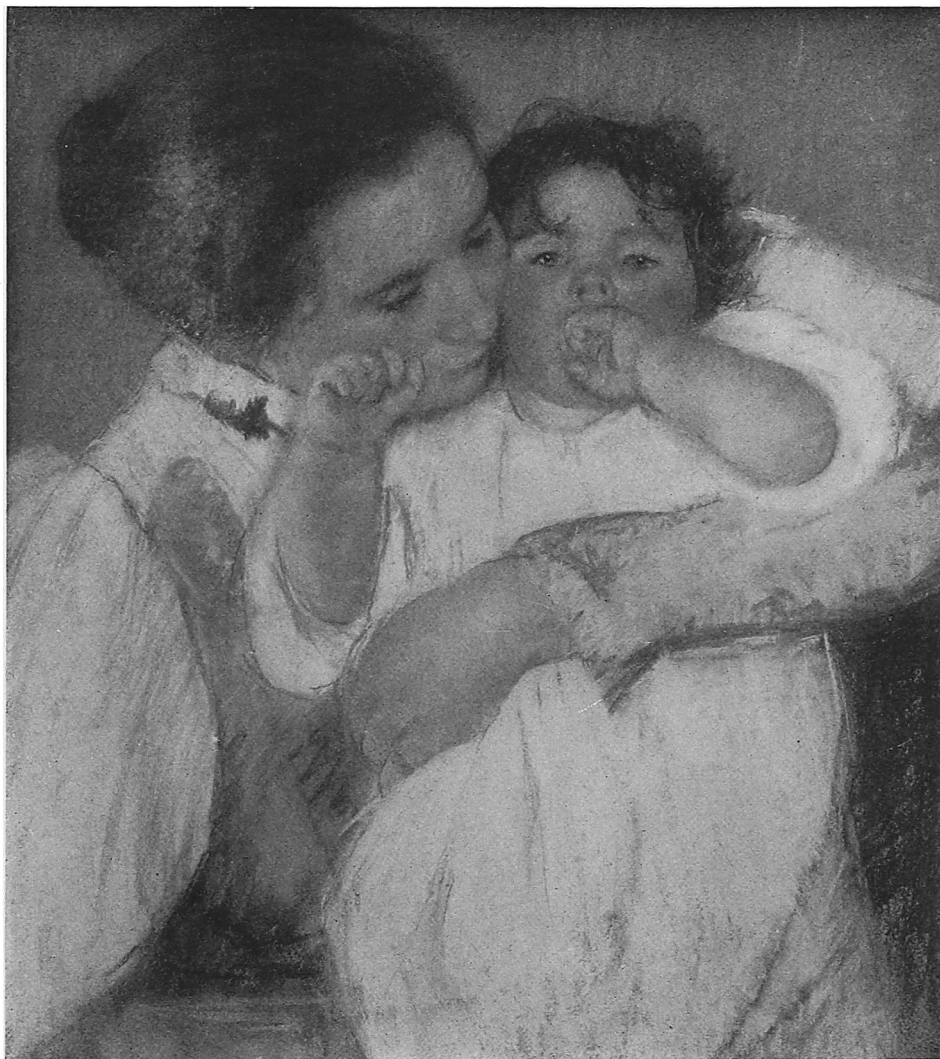
"How the masters of Holland and Flanders obtained their marvelous education is not known. We know that Potter learned his trade in the fields in lonely communication with nature. We know, too, that Crome was a house painter, and practised painting from nature when his daily work was done. Nevertheless he attained as perfect a technique as any painter that ever

lived. Morland, too, was self-taught. Is there anyone who believes that Morland would have done better work if he had spent three or four years stippling drawings from the antique at South Kensington?" And then in the next breath he raves over Degas' drawing that he learned in a school. Perhaps it is well to feel that a school can neither make nor unmake a genius. It is not a matter of study. Exquisiteness of color perception cannot be evolved through intellectual effort. Delicacy and refinement of feeling are qualities that are inborn in the artist's temperament, and no school will give them to him, although it might under some conditions take them away from him.



LE QUAI DES GRANDS AUGUSTINS
By James Wilson Morrice

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris



MÈRE ET ENFANT (Pastel)
By Mary Cassatt

(MOTHER AND CHILD)
—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris